Vol. 1 No. 4

THE DOUBLE DEALER

APRIL, 1921

CONTENTS

EDITORIALS 126
ARCHITECTURE IN THE NEW COMMUNITY.....*Bruno Taut* 131
Translated by Herman George Scheffauer.
MENAGERIE.....*Louis Untermeyer* 136
THE CANDYMAKER.....*William Saphier* 137
FOUR POEMS.....*John McClure* 140
L'AMERICAINE.....*Stephen Ta Van* 141
RECORD.....*Louise Townsend Nicholl* 146
THE MAGICIAN OF BANKOK.....*Judith Gautier* 147
Translated by Lafcadio Hearn.
DECADENCE AND MEDIOCRITY.....*Benjamin De Casseres* 149
THE MOON.....*Oscar Williams* 150
THE THEATRE OF ARLECCHINO.....*Haniel Long* 151
SUITE.....*Louis Gilmore* 155
CHINESE PHILOSOPHER MEDITATES.....*Paul Eldridge* 155
STARRETT'S CHICAGO LETTER..... 156
TALES IN THE TRAGIC TENSE.....*Joel Townsley Rogers* 160
AGELESS WOMAN.....*Edgar Savage* 162
REVIEWS OF BOOKS—
THE FAITH OF UNBELIEF.....*Lola Ridge* 163
MISS LULU BETT.....*J. M.* 165
THE AGE OF INNOCENCE.....*Alice Sessums Leovy* 166
NEW YORK LETTER.....*Lupo de Braila* 168
LA MENKEN..... 169

AND

MARGINALIA

Issued monthly by *The Double Dealer* Publishing Co., 204 Baronne street, New Orleans, La. Yearly subscription, twelve numbers, two dollars and a half in advance; single copies, twenty-five cents. All contributions should be addressed to the Editors of *The Double Dealer*, with stamped, self-addressed envelopes for their return.

Entered as second-class matter January 31, 1921, at the Post Office, New Orleans, La., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Copyright, 1921, by the *Double Dealer Publishing Co.*

The DOUBLE DEALER

".....I can deceive them both by speaking the truth."

NEW ORLEANS AND THE DOUBLE DEALER

NOT the least annoyance in the publishing of a literary magazine in the South has been the claptrap of some of our well meaning, but, nonethe-less, short-sighted citizens regarding the policy or lack of it which the sheet displays.

Let it be re-affirmed, once and for all, *The Double Dealer* holds no brief for democrat, republican or socialist, reformer or reactionary, Methodist parson or college professor, but is concerned, rather, with the dissemination of good, readable matter and the telling of the truth regardless of whom it disquiets.

This may mean a championing of causes lost in the maudlinity of the mob, or it may mean, simply, tickling the ribs of the *intelligentsia* over some pompous fraud. Surely, the spirit of blatant superficiality, provincial self-complacency, and hypocritical righteousness was never more rampant than in the South to-day.

But more especially, it is the concern of this magazine to assist in bringing about the restoration of a venerable city to its former standing as a cultural center second to none in America. It seems, indeed, impossible that the imagination of a people who established here nearly a hundred years ago a carnival rivalling in gorgeousness that of Nice; who first brought the Parisian opera to the western hemisphere and maintained it for generations; who carried on, with all the fervor of the Continental, the ancient Latin tradition of a native aristocracy and romanticism, should languish irrevocably. It is our belief that this predisposition, though latent, repressed, and sluggish from disuse, still reposes in our midst, and it is our design nay, our resolve, to reawaken it.

Commercially, industrially, and constructurally New Orleans is coming to the fore. But its energies cannot all be expended in brick, steel and mortar. The rehabilitation of an old city is an actual symbol of an unquenchable virility which must, also, have its outlet through the portals of art and literature, its expression in the painted canvas and the printed word.

The Double Dealer, with all due modesty, wishes to be known as the rebuilder, the driver of the first pile into the mud of this artistic stagnation which has been our portion since the Civil War. The magazine is, beyond this, a movement, a protest, a rising up against the intellectual tyranny of New York, New England, and the Middle West.

Aux armes, en garde, on les aura!

THE ZANY OF DREAMS

"All things are possible," said the Hindu, "in this country."

Lord Dunsany, when asked if he thought the Kaiser would regain the throne of Germany, answered that it would not surprise him, because people are "so incurably romantic." Mr. Cabell has said in somewhat this same connection (the fanciful rearrangements of destiny indulged in by romantic mankind)—and he has said it in a phrase which as fine as any that has yet come out of America—"Man alone of animals plays the ape to his dreams." The American, in our opinion, not less than another, perhaps more.

The American is the perfect zany of dreams. He is the incurable romanticist.

Let any idea, any dream, pop into his head, and he is at once enslaved by it. It rides him like a nightmare. It stays with him inexorably until he realizes it. And that idea, that dream, need not be a meritorious or a rational one. Indeed the more ridiculous, the more bizarre, it is, the more certain it is of realization. The American dreams a dream and makes that dream come true. He dreams of himself as a such-and-such. In a short time, he is what he dreamed of. More, the mere fancy, the mere wayward imagining of himself as a such-and-such, may have immediate effect; in an instant, he discovers that he is that such-and-such.

This "aping of dreams" has been the glory of America, as it may be the death.

The American dreamed of himself as a master of money. He became that, with millions. In playing the ape to his grandiose dreams, he produced like magic railroads and power-houses, bridges, canals, electricity and torpedoes and gattling guns. He dreamed of himself as industrially powerful: So he became.

But he dreamed too of chivalry and romance and forgotten splendors. Suddenly he was a Grand Factotum of the Mystic Flame, a Flamboyant Ineffable with "an ormolu sword," a High Priest, marching in a parade. He had an apocalyptic vision of mob rule. Suddenly he had it—with initiative, referendum and recall, popular election of judges, and woe to the vanquished. It occurred to him to wonder—merely casually—if he could do without whisky. Suddenly he discovered on a grey morning, without understanding precisely how it happened, that he was without it. These things happen suddenly, in a democracy, with the immediacy of dreams. The changes are lightning-changes.

And there are so many ideas in the mind of the American democrat, so many chaotic dreams, as is inevitable in a conglomerate person made up of one hundred million imaginations that anything—even everything—may happen. We should not be surprised at ourselves in this country. The American democrat may dream a noble dream and ape it nobly. Again, he may have an apocalyptic vision, one of these days, of himself as a Robespierre or a Lenin. If he does that vision, like others, can be realized almost over night. He will ape it (as he has in the past aped the vision of promoter, world-saver and demagogue) until he is its perfect counterpart.

THE RED "REVOLUTION"

Twenty years ago rouge was one of the badges of "the oldest profession in the world." The expression then current, *painted lady,* explains itself. Even ten years ago the carmined miss or madam was the subject of nudges and stage whispers. Now, today, they file through the streets like so many ants, carrying each her charge of crimson pigment.

It is vulgarly supposed that women daub their faces with red to simulate the healthy flow of blood, in order to render themselves more palatable merchandise in the man market. Like all publicly approved ideas, there is about one part truth to ninety-nine parts flummery in this notion. In truth, your stock woman, as your stock man, follows, not the lead of expediency, but that of her neighbors. Both are afraid, it is true, of not getting along in the world, of not succeeding, whether it be in business or matrimony, but they are even more desperately afraid of being different or out of fashion. Therefore they paint their faces as they drape their bodies or eat their meals or vote in the primaries or nurse their infants, according to what is being done: *A la mode.*

Many the flapper in the stillness of her virginal apartment who secretly whispers to herself that pallor would heighten the brown of her eyes or the natural redness of her lips. But she consigns this opinion, if she dares even utter it to herself, to that dread abode of secret sinful thoughts. Thus it has come about that the men have become used to flaring cheeks, and the average right-thinking male would as soon parade an untinted female as be discovered decked out for slumber in a canton-flannel night shirt. They have no eyes of their own to see, but must ever be shifting them sideways towards the next man's move. And so the game of *Follow the Leader* goes on.

If you doubt this all-blinding power of the vogue, look through the family album which once rested on the parlor table and now perhaps is hidden in some cupboard in the attic. Gaze at the clothes and see how your father togged himself up to cut a dash—or your aunt to bedazzle the young bloods. Their sartorial preparation is now a case for giggles, and you will admire the manner in which the world has improved its ideals of beauty. But hold—the day will come when your gray clad silken legs and bobbed eyebroys will give place to a "newer beauty." And in your dotage you will sigh to a crony, "What is the younger generation coming to!"

VALHALLA OF THE VACUOUS

As the Mussulman kneels with face to Mecca, and the French peasant towards Paris, so our own provincial makes his salaam towards Manhattan, as the dream city at which some day he hopes by dint of sweating, stealing or slave driving to eventually arrive. There is an itch in the legs of the American outlander that will be cured, so he conceives, only when he has landed in that Paradise of the plump-pursed and is able to throw the weight about on Broadway. And so the City of New York, once bought from the Indians for twenty-four dollars is being sold back to

us barbarians day after day for rather more than that.

The result is a fantastical monstrosity of a metropolis, about one-third of the population of which pours daily in and out of the gilded temples of the Demon of Unrest, tarrying long enough to be dazzled, awed and mulcted, in a few moments of the savings of months or even years.

Suppose for a moment that the impossible should happen and the gaudy enchantment fall away, what would remain of your vision of that wonder place? Well, you would recollect that you had paid the price of a pair of shoes for a single cell in one of those human hives called hotels. Around and about you to all sides other barbarians come to worship and pay. And then you would remember that in order to preserve the pretense of being a Croesus, every time you were hungry you willingly became the victim of a league of bandits and pick-pockets, familiarly, restauranteurs, hat boys, waiters and a whole hierarchy of superfluous lackeys, while an orchestra drowned out all thoughts of imperfection or regret.

And wafted thence on the tide of smiles, a stream of silver flowing in your wake, you taxied to a seat in a playhouse bought at a price to insure bread, butter and cake to the owner, producer, agency, speculator and hotel newstand, and then in a gastronomic daze you laughed, applauded or wept at some rehash of "Cinderella" of "The Silver King," or perhaps a play of problems, the problem never having penetrated beyond the the box office.

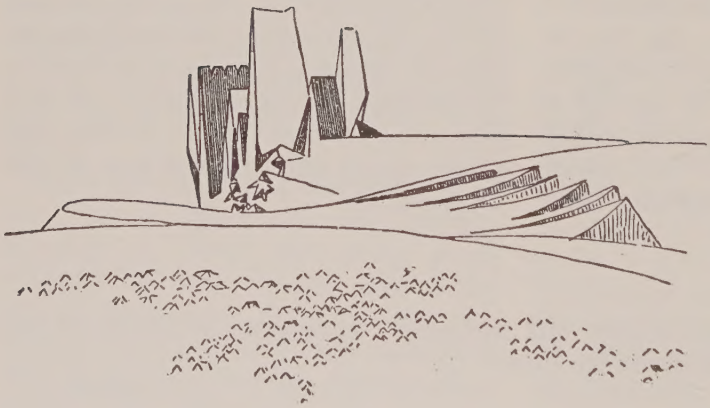
At the final curtain, a little sleepy with indigestion and compulsory emotion, you were hoisted to an iniquitous "roof" and found there again that the wages of sin is exorbitant, while over your stein of legalized beer you witness sirens from Harlem and the Bronx mercilessly clad in costumes which aim at displaying the human epidermis up to the last vaccination scar or insect bite —and so to bed.

But New York is not only the Mecca of trumpery tourists. It is the dwelling place of light for the would-be writers, artists, and theorists; for those who would save the world or corrall its goods. Always it is the same American delusion that quantity must be quality. The same delusion that makes him believe that the Encyclopedia Britannica is the sum total of all human wisdom and knowledge, and because "Les Miserables" is one of the longest novels, it is also one of the finest conceptions of letters. New York is literally the greatest city in the world. It is a gargantuan bazaar, not of dreams, but of gim-cracks any of which may be had —for a price.

Of course you may be right; and certainly I cannot go so far as to say you are wrong: but still, at the same time—

—*Jurgen.*

AN IDEA FOR A PEOPLE'S HALL



HOUSES UPON THE HILLS

Drawings by Bruno Taut.

Architecture in the New Community

BY BRUNO TAUT

Translated by Herman George Scheffauer

The cry goes up for a new architecture. It is almost impossible to build anything, yet in spite of this we have the yearning for something to be built. Judged by the harsh and iron standards of our materialistic conception of life, much of this ancient yearning and its new expression might seem like mere delirium. The average person, the victim of traditional environments and dead forms, the man of the herd who is able to perceive nothing but chaos in the dissolution of old conditions, regards this movement as one of the phenomena of a universal insanity.

But we who stand amidst the ruins of Europe—we know the meaning of this cry. We know that it will re-echo in the new and in the newest worlds. The old state was based upon cleavages and separations. These, to a large extent, have vanished. The communal feeling has been liberated in a greater measure than ever before. It is for this reason that the cry for architecture resounds, for architecture is nothing more than the crystallization of the communal feeling.

We, the architects of central Europe, are challenged by the cry: Be leaders, lead and build. But who amongst us would be so presumptuous as to place himself at the head?

We are conscious of the restless and disturbing element into which we are plunged. We are whirled about in it like *amoebae,* like coral insects before the building of the reef, like agitated atoms of salt before the building of the crystal. It is not permitted us as artists even to say "yea," to attempt some clear solution of immediate problems, or remote. We are at once told to stick to our lasts, to our T squares and triangles; we are told not to dabble in the literary. "You are artists—create and do not talk!" *This*—in spite of the fact that some of us keep on producing design after design, sketch after sketch.

My friends and fellow-creators, let us beware of the skeptics. We are quite well aware of the fact that everything, every move in this world of ours is encompassed with doubt and danger. Being born is dangerous, dangerous every detail of our lives from beginning to end—including death and even suicide. We must pursue the straight, implacable path, caring nothing for the shadows which slink about us; we must stride onward, bearing our light and holding fast to our faith.

The call for architecture is obviously a longing for a visible embodiment of faith. Again and again we have been told that we cannot have an architecture since we have no religion. Where are the prophets—they who have preached and perished? But are the prophets absolutely necessary? May not the creation of religion or the religious spirit be different from what it

has ever been before—in form and in content? Let us not forget the salt-molecule and the crystal. Are we not living in an age of intense faiths? On every level we encounter fierce and fanatic figures, ready to die, like Luther, for vision's sake.

He who today feels the imperative command, the inmost call to architecture, must construct his own faith, nay, he must convert himself into his own faith. He must be something beyond mere man—the demi-urge, the creator must be in him and therefore something of the divine. He must be finely-tempered, full of reflexes, glistening and shining like glass, as hard and sharp as steel, yet plastic, soaring and yet petrific as a concrete vault.

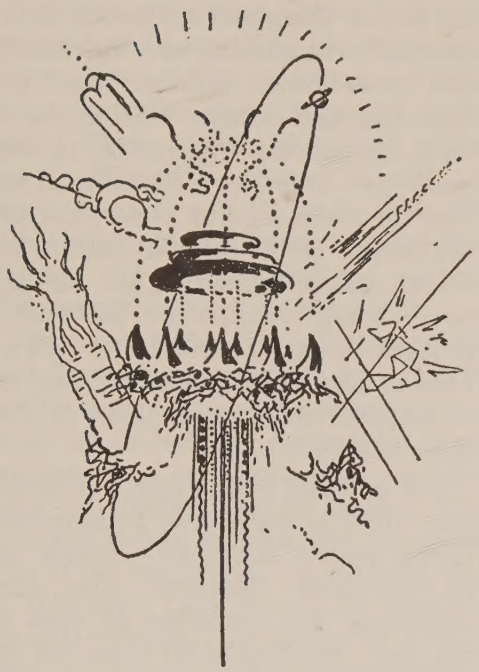
Our thought is embodied in matter—in the material. It is not for us to translate the longings of the people into stone; it is we ourselves who must incorporate faith; it is ourselves whom we must transmute into steel, glass and iron.

Who would venture today to point out the path towards even the immediate future? The belief that our day is giving birth to something wonderful and sublimated is rooted deep within us. But none of us can make a plan, nor give specifications of this phenomenon. The purely fantastic artist enjoys the greatest freedom, for nothing is so easy to knead into the aspect of the learned as precisely the historical. As soon as we attempt to follow the path of the old masters, whether it be in Gothic or in Indian architecture, we land in impenetrable thickets. This is a magnificent attribute of all great civilizations—they barricade themselves against the pedant and the scientist, confute and confound him at every turn, as soon as he attempts to analyze them with instruments or dogmas. But to him who approaches them in simplicity of soul, in humility and in a child-like spirit, they reveal themselves in splendor and beatitude, like the sun emerging from clouds.

The reproach is also leveled at the creative and imaginative artist in architecture that he fails if he occupies himself with anything else than the purely practical. They say it is our "business" to build homes, homes, homes. Homes we shall build, but we know all too well that even the thing of little moment will prove a nullity if it be not illumined in the light of a great thought or an inspiration—even if this be a distant one. The harmony of human action can never be disturbed without evil effects. The forms of use and the forms of fancy perpetually complement one another. The simplest practical action is accompanied by superfluities; the straightest path across a meadow has its "dips, spurs and sinuosities."

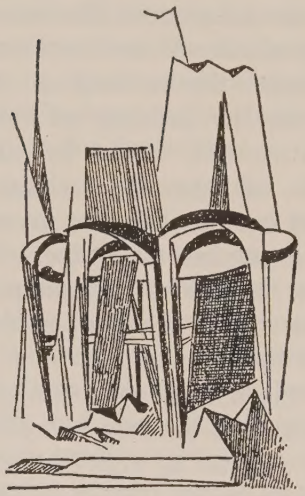
We wage no war against the purely practical and utilitarian architect. It is true that he longs to annihilate us, but he will never succeed in this. For he would not succeed in building even a dog-house without our aid in some form or other, and in the final analysis it will be seen that it is we who are the wiser practitioners. No great esthetic genius is necessary for the construction of a simple cottage, but even the simplest needs of the dweller-in-the-house must be felt and *intuitively* felt. But this intuition fails in its radiations when it fails at the core or focus.

There is a star that gleams above every stable—not only in Bethlehem. A fast chain binds the stable to the star,



OUR WORLD
IS BUOYANT

CONCRETE
HALLS



THE
EARTH STAR

Drawings by Bruno Taut.

and the beginning and the end are interchangeable, precisely as a film may be unrolled forwards or backwards. The stable, the cabin, a table, a chair, a children's home, a city hall, a palace for the people, a theatre, a crystal house for lay or sacerdotal ends, the stone crown of a city, its keep or its cathedral, a temple for the nations, a crown for the mountain-summit, the reconstruction of a peak, the reconstruction of mountain-ranges, the re-shaping of the earth's crust, the building of the star, of the star-system, of the nebula of fire—all this, all these are a chain in which all that is small becomes great and all that is great becomes small—that is, close, that is, full of human possibilities so long as the connecting thread in us be not broken.

The builder of a stable need not be capable of building a crystal house. But he will not be able to build a true and simple stable if he does not know upon which round of this planetary ladder the stable belongs. It is this heavenly ladder which we must build. We have failed to recognize its place and purpose. Otherwise, we would never have built the theatre upon the round of the stable. No man may say in what manner this ladder is to be built. All those who feel themselves called to the task have the right to essay it. No individual is to rule within this realm of ours. The amœbæ will achieve their rest. It is inspiring to conceive of this as a gigantic fire which throws forth an endless variety of flames and sparks. The whole is suffused by a glowing primeval force, and that man in whom it burns most intensely ceases to be a mere medium and becomes a magician.

Love of the cosmos, devotion and the desire to be absorbed in it, service to the higher thing and subjection to it, to attempt to be nothing save spiritualized and co-ordinated matter, firm, pure, sparkling and supple—that is the esoteric, categorical, imperative, to which every true architect must bow. Therefore the phantasist on paper, the present creator of the celestial ladder, is an actual master-builder, since his creations, being compact of the stuff of thought, are actual creations. And perhaps in less than a generation they may be material creations, tangible in stone, glass and steel.

Let us build in the spirit of Mozart. Our world is our world, nothing more. Light, gracile, fluent and resting upon its own laws. Material, color, space, landscape, the symmetry of axes and the like? Nothing of all these, yet comprising all these. Nor is rhythm alone sufficient. Rhythm means concentrated soldiery, organization and imperialism. Alone it means the murder of multitudes by machines—we love Life and all those who love Life as an entity of the World Spirit. We would be free of all coercion, we would feel in essentials and in elementals. We make no attempts to establish style through reason like that master-builder, van de Velde. We seek no styles, nor do we make a fetish of reason. We build because we love.

What forms are we to create? We do not know. We know only that we must build. Each of us goes his way, and discovers, perhaps, a way through the forest which no one else had ever trod. We would create purely out of the experience of our souls. A building-growth springing forth from primor-

dial substance. There are no architectural forms in this, but merely forms of growth and being, forms which do not wish to be anything nor mean anything—forms which merely *are*. Primeval generation—superhumanly audacious. There lowers, to be sure, a dragon in this path—Nature herself. A great demand will be made upon the inner purity of the artist, in order that nothing like the so-called *art nouveau* of unhappy memory should result.

We would build with all the elements that have been created—by divinity and by man. We would not imitate, but break up in order to reconstruct it according to a new law—that manifold world of history, Gothic, Rococo, Chinese and Indian architecture, the buildings of the primitives, the Nomads, and of Haeckel's "Art Forms of Nature," crystals, blooms, the wings of butterflies, etc. We would pile colored planes and cubes upon one another, shimmering glass, color, gold, pearl, silver and copper. The old language of symbols grows alive once more. The stars speak again and their constellations once more become the projection of our destinies upon the firmament.

These are plunges into the sublimely irrational. The actual building of air-castles. The making of models which have no purpose, which are nothing but beautiful bodies, "things in themselves," shaped out of manifold, vivid and gleaming material. This is to be the unpolluted source of the new forms. Mobile, multiform, conceived in joy. Infinity of form finally equals simplicity of form. Proteus equals the Child. In the day of this consummation we may see the realization of the communal will directed towards the creation of art. In that day it will no longer be considered "insane" to rebuild mountains, nor to fetter the passions and the instincts in the service of great and exuberant works of architecture rather than unloosing them in the bestialities of war.

Architecture must lead the way. Architecture alone can build the great arch, the bridge. The disintegrating haste of the age cannot be lessened without architecture in the grand manner. Only under the protection of the grand form can the small form, as in handicrafts, survive and work out its salvation. The new architecture is to give us something for which there is no prototype; it is to provide us with unconjectured relationships by means of the atmosphere, the landscape, space, material, light and color.

Are we romanticists because those conditions do not yet exist which are to give content to our works? Historians tell us that first the basilicas were built and then came the cult of priesthood. But that, too, is a matter of indifference to us. We build because we must.

We are very pleasant atoms—*Voltaire*

Menagerie

BY LOUIS UNTERMEYER

What things are these within me, gaunt and growling,
  That snarl and lash themselves till they are maimed?
What whips and rods belabor them till, howling,
  They crouch in corners, beaten but untamed?

My thoughts are beasts locked up in stubborn cages,
  Dazzled by day, they dare not venture out.
But darkness maddens them; in nightly rages
  Thy break their bars and roar and prowl about.

And some glide like a wind, and others tower
  Above their sleeping guardians, as they play
Or feed or bathe in blood. And all have power
  Unguessed at in the cowering brutes of day.

How can I rid myself of these destroyers
  Of my soul's unity and hardihood?
What if some day I called these old annoyers
  And swung the bars, and let them out for good?

The Candymaker

BY WILLIAM SAPHIER

The green leaves of an oak shaded the door of Nicolai, the candymaker. A heavy branch caressed the flat-topped roof and cut the straight lines of the wall. It seemed as if the little house had crawled up to the giant and nestled quietly against its trunk. The oak seemed supported by the one it protected. A very human relation.

The daily life took place within a blue door frame in a white wall. Nicolai in the background, a lean, sinewy figure moving rythmically back and forth. A short lump of taffy became long as he leaned backward and pulled the taffy with him. It became short and thick as he leaned forward. A pendulum, hanging from a nail by a red-colored piece of taffy. In the doorway sat his wife, garbed in Hungarian custom, under the candymaker's violin. Her heavy, long braids danced on her back to the song of an embroidery needle on a new shirt for Nicolai.

These quiet, everyday doings in the blue frame of the door were a mask to a rather fierce life inside the low cottage. A drab curtain for the passerby, who could see only the sugar boiling in a low brick oven. The sugar boiled for hours, and Nicolai played on his fiddle during this time. The fiddle was always handy, and his wife Amanda never said no. He played mostly Hungarian dances, knowing his wife could not resist the music. She would leap from the threshold like a geyser, and hop and swirl, holding her skirts high.

The neighborhood children sat for hours on uncomfortable boards, waiting for the storm. From the kitchen into the living room, swaying between walls and as if suspended between ceiling and floor, her eyes, arms and hips seemed to be entangled in her clean legs, bare to the knees. The rhythm grew wilder, the legs flew higher. It was like a last dance, and ended with thunder. A thunder that presaged kisses, long kisses and savage embraces, turning suddenly into a fierce quarrel. This ended in an unaccountable quiet and an unpenetrable peace. The main actors would disappear, the children disperse satisfied, but a bit curious...that quiet.

Nicolai was active every waking minute. He chopped wood, he made candy, he sold it, and he played the violin. His wife had time to dream, she had time to look at the passersby over the neighbors' fences, she had time to listen to the wind that came from Hungary, her home; to the street cries of fruit vendors and once in a while to Stoica, the gypsy fiddler, a neighbor. She sat in her blue doorway and dreamed of the thin-faced and fair-haired Nicolai who made her dance. His sharp bow seemed to shoot the sounds through her feet. She dreamed of Stoica. His longing fiddle made her cry. Nicolai had a pointed moustache. Stoica had a bushy black moustache. His big, bulky body looked majestic at times, and Amanda looked after him many times when clad in white flannels, a silk handkerchief stuck in his breast pocket, he would

saunter down the street in a carefree fashion. "It is two years today," she said to herself; two years since she left her lawful husband to come and live with the candymaker and his violin.

Nicolai was out. He had gone to the silversmith. She was not supposed to know. It was a new gold ring, a serpent crowned with a big ruby, for their mating anniversary. The day was long, cloudy, lonesome. A Hungarian wind came from the mountains and blew into her veins fresh longings. Stoica's violin began to cry and call. She did not try to resist. She stumbled to the fence which hung loosely between the neighbors. Stoica's wife was away for the day. He never played when his wife was home.

No one heard Stoica play that afternoon. No one saw Amanda pace up and down her courtyard that afternoon. Two neighbors shook their heads solemnly. They had expected almost anything from this fierce tempered woman. But a gipsy—a gipsy.

The candymaker came home late in the afternoon. His eager eyes found no light in the house. Instead of the customary heat from the stove he was met by a chill as he entered the kitchen. He walked cautiously through the house, struck a match, lit the lamp, looked round, and closed his eyes. Slowly he made his way into the kitchen, took up the fiddle, and played one of those dances furiously, but did not finish. He laid down his fiddle, walked out of the house, walked round it, and began asking questions. He did not have to ask much. The neighborhood was aflame with the news.

How could she? He shook his head. With Stoica the gipsy. His heart grew bitter. Anyone, anyone but that gipsy. Soon he changed his mind, however. No, no, no, no one was better than he, Nicolai. How could she? How dared she? Back into the house he ran. He examined his gun, was glad of its reliable appearance, and stuck it in his pocket. He stopped in front of the violin. Should he take it along on his last journey? He hesitated for a moment and took it. The neighbors shook their heads again. A sympathetic old man told him the direction Stoica and Amanda had taken. The candy-maker, with his eyes fixed on the stars walked away almost happy.

It was a long way to the nearest town, the presupposed aim of the two lovers. Nicolai had many visions, but not one to pacify him. On the contrary, he was furious by the time he reached the main inn. His right hand on the trigger of the gun in his pocket, he entered the large wine room. It was early morning, and only a few men were at the tables. Some were asleep, their faces hidden in their folded arms on the tables. Nicolai looked across the room with his burning eyes and saw no one he knew. The waiter was willing to listen and willing to talk. Yes, yes, he had seen both last night, he had seen both go out, but the gipsy had come back after a few minutes alone, almost crying. He sat back there on the bench and drank strong stuff for a while, cursing all men. "There he is—he's asleep behind that table." This changed things considerably. It was hard to awaken the bulky, dark violinist. Nicolai was eager to find out the whereabouts of Amanda. The gipsy seemed dazed. A few loud slaps over his ears made the gipsy look straight into the

eyes of the candymaker. A crowd gathered. The gipsy, thoroughly cowed, began to cry. He knew nothing. He was innocent. He had merely played on his violin while his wife was visiting her relatives. Amanda asked him to come with her, she kissed him, caressed him, she convinced him that they would be happy in some other place, away from candy and away from music-hating wives. He could not resist. She was so beautiful and he—he only a poor, foolish man. So he listened, so he obeyed.

By this time the candymaker was bent over him like a ready bow bent to the breaking point, and with a dry voice he asked: "Where is she now?"

The crowd seemed suddenly to be taking part in the affair. They all repeated, "Where is she now?" Stoica found it hard to talk. In spite of his drowsy condition he knew fully the great humiliation before him if he told the truth, but there was no way out. "Where is she?" echoed the crowd again. Stoica wished he were the Danube. He would drown them all like rats. His hands ran over the table as if searching for something tiny and elusive. A little lie, But the table was bare. There was no crumb or something left that he might put up like a rock between himself and his tormentors. At last he looked up to Nicolai in a pleading manner. He did not know. He came to the wine room straight from his house. They had a glass of wine, and intended continuing their journey to the nearest town north. In front of the wine room were two young fellows in a brand new carriage drawn by a beautiful chestnut mare with a white mane and white hoofs, a sparkling harness. A fine, braided whip in the hands of one of the young men kept the horse alert. They jokingly invited Amanda to take a ride. She accepted instantly, and without saying a word to Stoica rode away with two strangers she had never seen before.

Nicolai straightened up and smiled goodnaturedly. The crowd roared. Nicolai pulled out his fiddle and ordered drinks for everyone present, even Stoica. They all toasted to Amanda. Nicolai shouted at the top of his voice. He knew she loved no one better than him. She was simply tired. The glasses were filled again. He played like mad all the tunes she loved, and the crowd danced.

It was broad daylight. The milkmen were returning with empty pails and the children were on their way to school, when Nicolai was seen going home. He was in high spirits. He danced part of the way and played part of the way. A crowd of children who knew and loved the candy-maker well, on each side of him. Some of the dogs of the neighborhood ran ahead of him barking. People came out of their houses and lined both sides of the street.

Far behind this merry crowd came a heavy, crouching, drooping, dark figure—Stoica. He followed the candymaker thoughtlessly, carrying his fiddle on his back like a bundle. He seemed unconscious of all about him. His flesh seemed to hang on his bones like rags on a nail.

No one could understand why Stoica beat his wife almost to death that afternoon.

Four Poems

BY JOHN McCLURE

THERE COMES NO CARAVAN

There comes no caravan
  Out of the stately East,
No king from Ispahan
  On no four-legged beast
  High-humped in dignity,
  To bring my dreams to me.

There comes no elfin band
  Out of the goblin world,
No queens of fairyland
  With no gold hair uncurled
  Gleaming in glamoury,
  To fetch new dreams to me.

There comes no Chinaman
  Wagging no sheet of silk,
No son of Chiang Nan
  With thumb-nails white as milk,
  Drunken with mystery,
  To bring my dreams to me.

I needs must build my own,
  Vapid as they may be,
Out of the milky moon,
  Out of the jade-green sea.
  Wonder crowds close around,
  Let my own dreams abound.

DIVES

Rhymes jingle in my pocket
Like nickels and dimes;
I am very rich after my fashion.
Let me present you,
In all sobriety,
With a rondel.
(I suggest that you buy something with
  it:
You can thus discover its value).

ON AN INTRICATE FILIGREE

The artisan with deft fingers
Who fabricated last week
This bauble I hold in my hand
Is dead.
He exists no more
Than had he never have been.

Yet I hold here in my hand
This tangible bauble
Sprung plainly from nowhere.

O reader in ninety years
Regarding this sheet of silk
And these deft words
Neatly written in ink,
I am dead also
And exist no more
Than had I never have been.

Yet may you well regard curiously
This tangible bauble.

THE INEFFABLE NAME

I have beheld Him in the form
Of a most monstrous thunderstorm
Go wheeling with titanic glee
Across the waters of the sea.
He rides the tempest blithe and hot,
As though it were a chariot.

I have beheld His quiet face
In a moon-haunted woodland place;
I have beheld Him beautiful
In the still waters of a pool
He walks, as ghosts walk, all about
His weird creation, in and out.

l'Americaine

BY STEPHEN TA VAN

CONTRARY to the appearance, it is reasonable that when I, a bred-in-the-dogma New Englander, venture timorously to consider the female of America, my instinctive term for her is alien: *l'Americaine*. For since first in the concrete instance she unhorsed me to a bitter fall, I have traveled many outland roads, returning to view her in the abstract, or wholesale, with a foreign admiration and curiosity.

Upon the native actually home-coming from other shores, the impression made by his countrywomen should be provocative of celebration. Some there be, 'tis true, among our ex-conscripts of the late discredited and well-nigh forgotten War, who were loath to leave Gallic arms, and the fact is well known to travelers that the Continental and more especially the Asiatic opinion of *l'Americaine* is far from flattering. Each to his taste! It is no more possible to enforce a general standard of pulchritude than one of modesty, while our beauties show their knees and the Hottentot belles would shrink with shame if theirs were bared in public. But American femininity, collectively, does break upon the vision with an effect which if not devastating is at least dazzling.

More optically arresting women move in Worcester or in Birmingham, it seems, than in any two countries of Europe combined.

Our women have more money to explode on warpaint, and more skill, perhaps impressionistic, in application. Even so long ago as 1900, your ordinary New York blonde—second cousin to some arrant politician—could give cards and spades to the Continental stunner, with the aid of no more elaborate equipment than one black dress and hat and her own shining pompadour.

How much wider is the margin, since hair has multiplied, and fashions have improved so fast that the "advance from Paris" becomes a back number before it has arrived!

I think the most obvious sweeping criticism that one dare offer deals with a glowing sameness.

A generation gone by, sectional type-differences were strongly marked. In that strange sovereign state just south of Worcester, for example, the type was definitely a weaker offshoot from the Puritan. When the Pennsylvania and Delaware cousins came to visit us in Connecticut, there were clashes in modes and manners requiring much adjustment before a common understanding could be reached.

The Muddle West had a flurry of Bernices and Myrtles about that time: great, crashing gels who spread a barrage of perfume. I saw one Myrtle lose her balance on the steps of a State capitol, go bounding down the full flight on all points of her anatomy except her feet, and come up laughing heartily, with scarce a tress disturbed. The broad Chicagoanne was an actual fact, as well as a shining mark for the witty weeklies of the day.

Between then and now the Pacific Coast has filled and ripened, and all over

the country, except in such backwaters as the Southern mountains, the valleys of Vermont, and the webfoot district of the Williamette, the types approximate each other. Canned education, the Wisconsin Idea, the *Ladies' Home Journal*—God knows what manifests of our vaunted Western civilization — have lifted or levelled them.

One can no longer go successfully for variety from Boston to Mobile, breaking the journey to advantage at Philadelphia. The same feminine technique, substantially, confronts one at every stop. The individuals, like the types, have become less sharply different.

Thus, though I am only forty, I find memory responding to my questions with portraits of old women, fresh and vivid, while many of the young who seemed so bright have faded.

The widow of the Kentucky planter, for example, that indefatigable septuagenarian, imposing yet friendly, who could make tolerable even a rainy afternoon in a Florida hotel. She was alone, she had no money, and for a living was obliged to chaperone young matrons on their divorce trips; but she had adjusted herself to conditions, and was a valid personality wherever she went.

I remember that the car broke down in an evil, sunstruck Sahara of palmettoes. Repair was merely a matter of adjustment, but the girls grew impatient, and when an opportunity for escape rolled up, they boarded it. At last the valve responded to treatment, and I looked up through sweat. There sat the old lady as placidly on the hot cushion as though she had been on the verandah at cards.

"Why, Mrs. Piercy! Why didn't you go with the others?"

"When I ride out with a gentleman," said she, "I prefer to ride back with the same one."

A lesson to Youth! I could have laid down my coat for her to walk on, the thoroughbred.

And Maisie Ellistoun, active and satiric when many a veteran of younger companies—among her's were Daly's and Modjeska's—sat i' the sun and nodded, a sick bird on a sour perch. A sporting spirit if ever one lived, was Maisie, and fifty times more of a man than the son for whom she made so many sacrifices. The suitors whom she had defeated! Most of the gay boys of the Eighties had made a try for her; that clear blonde mockery of hers had echoed in a thousand halls. For only one of her lovers had she really cared, she said, and he was not her son's father. (She had no motive in lying to me.)

It was quaint to hear her describe the man, in the language of another century. He was physically powerful—"very hirsute." . . . Even in those whom we respect, there is often something ridiculous when they speak without humor of a past passion.

I see a woman sitting beneath a reading-lamp, such as is found in ten thousand native living-rooms. Her face is colorless, her gray hair is drawn back smoothly against her head. Her husband and two children are dead, her favorite daughter is far away. Her father totters dismally toward his coffin. She is dreaming quietly, not rocking. I open the door. She has not seen me for a year.

"So it's you," she says. "They didn't tell me you were coming, but your room is ready for you."

The next day is Sunday. We go to church together, she and I. None of

the others cares for church. I hear the news of the congregation. Some uncertainty exists anent the minister. He has not proved to be just the man they thought they were calling. He is well-meaning, to be sure, but a natural awkwardness, a stiffness, hampers him. It is hard. . . . She prattles on, relating to me the harmless, pious gossip with which her own family has no sympathy. She does not know that I am a radical, a free-thinker, who has traveled so far from the Joss of the long gray beard and purple dressing-gown as to have forgotten both belief and disbelief, and the discussion thereof. She thinks of me only as a friendly fellow, rather ignorant and inexperienced, but above all, young. Nothing that I could say would shock her effectively. She would discount anything, she has endured too much suffering to be fretted by words. . . . But I do not say those things to her.

Next year, or in two years and a half, if I find her, her greeting will be the same.

But possibly I am mistaken in thinking *les Americaines* of the older generation more remarkable than their offspring and descendants. Perhaps the truth is that I remember more easily those old ones who are eminent because there are so many who are flat.

Yes, I shall make my confession, at the risk of being thought a naughty boy trying tritely to be smart: absolutely I have no reverence for old age unsupported by character. I think most old persons, especially most old Americans, and more especially most old American women, very dull and silly. And I am equally unpleasant about mother-hood, as such. Observation has informed me that many mothers are utterly selfish, even viciously inclined.

The murder is out! You see that I did well, Rough Reader, to preface these columns with a confession of my virtual expatriation, and by consequence to acquire a patent to barbarism. Otherwise you would have flung me from the window for disloyalty to a National Idea.

Young or old, Eastern, Southern or Western, *l'Americaine* struggles in the grip of Ostensible Monogram. Inheritance of property—the determining factor in all forms of civilization—is limited among us to the offspring of monogamous marriage, as against branded illegitimacy; hence chastity, officially maintained controls the destiny of our women. Their faces must be turned from the offender in their midst. Mother must pass down to daughter the tradition, impress upon her with a moral lash the necessity of remaining in the fold of chemical virtue.

The eternal tendency of youth is to break away from bondage. At intervals we have "waves of immorality," the print-rags wave, the Godmen bubble. Meanwhile the grim battle of mother and daughter proceeds with unabated concentration, like a fight to the death in the depths of some dim sea. In almost every house in each city and hamlet, a woman decaying from maturity and dreading loneliness in old age, is bludgeoning into line a girl, who, torn by love and the habit of her mother, the inherited force of tradition, the impulses of life and youth, and perhaps passion for a man, fights desperately for breath.

The desire for freedom or the influence of the lover prevails temporarily. The girl marries or escapes alone. The older woman is driven back exhausted. But she never despairs, and after an interval returns to the attack. She speaks of her daughter's obligation, reminds her of the months when she was carried, helpless; of the care and self-denial of many years. What is a man, or ambition, between them? Theirs is the mystical communion of women, the Bond of the Matrix, inescapable.

The younger woman is gripped. Fear of life's vicissitudes, superstitious dread of her own distant helplessness, urge her to make of her mother an altar at which to sacrifice. Gradually the cult usurps her time, to the exclusion of her husband and her own development. The demands of the ageing organism clutching her are insistent to the end. From the dead clay she turns only in time to engage with her own daughter in a similar struggle, in which she herself becomes the tyrant.

Thus the links of the endless chain of tragedy are welded.

In oriental countries many of the females who fail to fit the chain—eccentric links—are taken care of, directly or indirectly, by the polygamy which provides logical intrigue for them, whereas among us they decay in lodging-houses or cling precariously to the edges of family life. Of course more polygamy goes on, proportionately, in our cities than in Constantinople, but it is clandestine, and operates less cleanly. Moreover, as we exist in economic chaos, and are without a salutary caste system, no regular restraint can be put upon these unattached females. When carelessly set in motion, they slide about like loose chairs on a windy deck, upsetting the unwary. One never knows when he may not be tripped by some distant connection of a brother's accidental marriage, and swept overboard in a welter of accusations.

Like her husband, the typical *Americaine* of to-day is too recent not to run the danger of commonplaceness spiritually. A product of the most reckless outcrossing, her fortune has been to lose the keen individuality of some of her forbears, without acquiring the background by which her descendants will benefit. A suggestion is in her of an unrestful town on the Western outskirts, all noise and tin and new wood. The settlers have cut down the trees to build board sidewalks, forgetting to provide for the shade. There is a comic police force and a fire company, a sewing-circle, a high school, churches, shops and a hotel, but no park or art gallery, and the library—ah, Carnegie's! . . . Such a gel may be raw, have too much juice, pursue too obviously her desires, whether for money or excitement, a man or the social good; react too violently against her disappointments, become too thoroughly a sheepface or a prig, yet shift kaleidescopically from one mood to another without nuances.

The cosmopolitane you can bet on; trained to be various within a measured orbit, she follows her code. The provincial, with no reasonable code to follow, may lack direction and poise while achieving a notable comeliness.

But the typical *Americaine,* sometimes home marvelous! Here and there, semi-occasionally, by grace of a destiny whimsically beneficent, one is privileged to encounter the White Bird, that flies on faery wings. In some strange way, or in spite of one, the crazy American social hodge-podge, without

reason at all and with no more poetry than its inevitable quota of the Eternal Rhythm, produces the phenomenon. I bend the knee sincerely.

So doing, I am again the naughty boy, but this time my squabble is against the cynics. I cannot go along with those old lads who snoot at love—dyspeptics peevish at a dish which they no longer dare to tackle—nor yet accompany the more robustious brethren in whose diet it is but a table d'hote entrée, casually and somewhat contemptuously savored. Even less enthusiastically would I search love for the orangey flavor detected, in the manner of George Moore, by aging epicures. In fact I would divorce love altogether from the national preference for guzzling.

There is a deathless music where the White Bird flies, whatever land it hails from. The American strain may have come out of Italy, or Russia, or France, transmitted atavistically from the shore of a lake or the depths of a forest, over stupid generations. Or it may spring, perfect, from a respectable combination without romantic ancestry. Who knows why this woman's charm is haunting, or wherefore the seventh sister holds her faith, when Sister Number Six is faithless? We say of Maud or Eloise, she has a wrist, a leg, a shoulder; of little Flame-and-Silk, met through a chance introduction on a grocer's corner, we say, "I'll kill you if you touch her."

I have confessed a foreign outlook; I am in mind an alien and a pagan. I love *l'Americaine* for Flame-and-Silk, no rule but the exception. To buy a happy day for her, I would see fifty sewing-circles deprived in perpetuity of Oolong tea, injustice done to regiments of female voters, the fur coats stripped from all taupe-stockinged gels from Portland, Me., to Oregonian Portland. It is the joyful privilege of the philosopher, who from time immemorial, having spun out all his logic, pounds the table and declaims defiantly:

"I like it *this* way!"

Women love us for our defects. If we have enough of them, they will forgive us everything, even our gigantic intellects.—*Wilde.*

Elixir of Life

One day a scientist was experimenting with a powder which was to induce perpetual life, utilizing a guinea-pig for the research. After twenty years the guinea-pig was the proud grandfather of numberless guinea-pigs, none of whom had seemed to show any symptoms of mortality. Indeed, the last descendent and the original subject were both amorous of a young and enticing g. p., the grandmother of the one, the grand-daughter of the other.

The scientist, however, was not satisfied that his experiment was a success, although as time went on and he grew feebler the primal guinea-pig remained as fresh as paint.

Finally, at the age of 91, convinced by the cumulative evidence about him of the efficacy of the drug, he himself swallowed the miraculous potion. Today he may be seen groping and stumbling about among the illimitable horde of immortal guinea-pigs.

Record

BY LOUISE TOWNSEND NICHOLL

Something sets this day apart,
A shining flight above the rest.
This is a birthday of my heart.
(Some days go muted and unlit.)
Is there no record, then, of it?
Is there no way of keeping white
  The glory lent,
  The day I spent
Sojourning with delight?

Something sets this day apart...
A shining birthday of my heart.
And now, unless I make it art,
Will it vanish, dumb and slow?
Must it altogether go?
My visitant,
My sudden guest,
My glory and my ended quest?

The Magician of Bankok

BY JUDITH GAUTIER

Translated by Lafcadio Hearn

Bankok becomes enveloped in darkness and silence; huge stars open their blossoms of fire in the sky; it is the hour when sorcerers prepare for their deeds of evil and cast spells upon their enemies; objects become deformed by vagueness and take frightful shapes—the palms seem full of black birds; the domes of the pagodas look like huge bald skulls; obscurity crouches in the underbrush, and one fancies that he beholds the forms of reptiles moving everywhere. The sounds of human life yield place to the murmurs of the night—to the lapping of the waves upon the river's bank, to the rustling of leaves in the wind—to the thousand inexplicable sighs which are born of silence.

See! In a street near Mei-Nam, a shadowy door opens, and a man goes forth with slow and cautious steps. He is clad in a long robe which trails upon the ground. His head is bare. He carries in his right hand a forked branch.

Suddenly a vague human form rises behind him. Whence did it come? There was no one on the road before; it could not have come from behind the trees, nor from any neighboring house. It is immensely tall, but keeps itself in a bent posture. The man directs his steps towards the river; it follows him, but its legs do not move. Long ears hang down upon its shoulders; its arms reach to its feet.

The man suddenly turns round.

"Why dost thou follow me?" he asks. "Is it to prevent me from having the Head and the Feet? I shall walk over thy feet and upon thy head!"

The form passes before the man and suddenly moves backwards. The man succeeds in stepping upon its feet. He flings the shape to the earth and walks over the body, which suddenly sinks into the ground and disappears.

Then he continues on his way to the river. A troupe of great apes deploy across the road; they have long, pointed snouts, bristling with horny points, and make hideous grimaces, rendered visible by the light of their flaming eyes.

"Why do ye place yourselves across my path?" asked the man. "Is it to prevent me from seizing the Future, which ye keep imprisoned in a coffer of bronze? I go to seek the key which will open to me the mysterious coffer. Sulphur-eyed apes, begone!"

The man smites the air with his forked branch. The apes disappear.

He continues to advance.

Ambushes stir behind every tree; eyes flame between the branches; the soil undulates beneath his feet with slimy and formless creatures. He marches on, clearing himself a path with his forked rod. But where he thought to find land he beholds a furious sea roaring before him.

"Appearances!" he cries; "deceits, snares of the enemy! cease to abuse my eyes. I shall have the Hands and the Feet; I shall have the Head—for my

step is firm and my heart has not trembled!"

The sea vanishes. A troop of furious horsemen rush upon him. They are black as extinguished coals. They fill up the whole way before him. They gallop furiously. The man plants his branch in the earth, and, leaning upon it with both hands, raises himself off the ground. When the whirlwind of men and horses comes, he flings himself forward upon the other side. Everything vanishes before him; but his branch has disappeared.

Now he gains the bank of the river. He beholds his own wife all bleeding and mutilated, who is being dragged to the water by a man.

"It shall not turn me aside from my path," mutters the man. "The visible does not persuade me of the real. My wife is at this moment asleep in my house, with her head resting upon the lower pillow."

A frightful monster rises up before him. It seems like a living mass of red-hot iron. Sparks fly from its body. Its yawning mouth is a furnace.

"I am near the end," says the man. "Return where thou camest; redescend the stairway of cinders thou hast fruitlessly mounted! I go to seek the burning shears which shall rend for me the mantle of the Future."

The Fire Monster extinguishes itself.

The man still marches on. He approaches a tomb. It is the tomb of the woman who was buried that very day—surprised by death *en etat de grossesse.*

He kneels; he seeks to dig up the earth with his nails. He lays his hand upon a knot of serpents.

"Vipers do not breed upon newly-made graves," he exclaims.

The serpents vanish in smoke.

He continues his work. A thousand briars rend his hands.

"Briars do not grow on newly-made graves," he exclaims.

The briars disappear.

He continues to dig; a mighty wind rushes from the tomb and flings him to the earth.

"The wind blows from the east, from the west, from the north, and from the south," he cries, rising to his feet—"the wind never blows from the tombs."

The wind ceases.

The man digs again; the earth changes to flames.

"Only wood, straw, and dry leaves," he says, "burn easily; earth never burns."

The earth ceases to flame, but a multitude of demons of a frightful greenish hue, armed with red-hot goads and whips of fire, assail the sacrilege and scourge him ceaselessly. He, insensible, savage, frenzied, plunges his arm into the yawning grave, and accomplishes a hideous task.

Suddenly he leaps to his feet. He brandishes a newly-born corpse. He flies under the pale moon. He shrieks:

"I have won the secret of the Future!"

Decadence and Mediocrity

BY BENJAMIN De CASSERES

MEDIOCRITY, eternal and omnipotent, passing before Originality, mutters two words: "Decadent" and "morbid," and then sweeps on in its complacent dullness, feeling sure that it has given birth to a supreme judgment.

We are sure that the Candy Kids of art who expose their vulgarity each Sunday in that Louvre of commonplaces, the Comic Supplement, in their soul of souls believe Manet and Degas, Rops and Geiger, Baudelaire and Mallarme, to be poisonous spittle from the lips of Satan. And the Comic Supplement is the Holy Script of the People. It is the simper on the face of the Golden Calf.

And from the Comic Supplement to the painter with a vogue is only the length of a stones throw. "A wholesome art," "a sane art," "a normal art" —that is, an art that is imitative, an art that is sprung from a poverty of brain and feeling, and art that glorifies its own impotency and plays the paramour to the dollar—they are the American shibboleths. For to-day artistic and political demagogy go hand in hand and you shall mouth the phrase that cows and be flunkey to Morality—Miss Morality, if you please, with a flat chest, high ideals and a low brow!

It was Paul Bourget, I believe, who said, succinctly, that a decadent in art was an individual atom that had revolted from the mass. For in art, as in society, the whole weight of the mass is brought to bear at each moment and at each point to crush the individual who is struggling to emancipate himself from the deadly dullness of group-standards and group-technique.

The decadent, the *revolté*, the man with a new vision, a new way, a finer perception, is always a danger to the community of dullards, to the stratified hierarchy of saintly academicians and embalmed mediocrities.

Originality wears the mien of Catalina and brings not peace, but a sword.

In this sense the brain that blossoms with the new idea, the new way—the brain of a Rodin, of a Baudelaire, of a Nietzsche—may be called a decadent brain, for it bears with it a principle of disintegration and dissociation. It provokes pain and life, and the new ideas that germinate there strike again and again at the fat face of Complacency. It threatens Routine and Habit with death; it demands a new adjustment. It is the Kill-joy at the banquet of fools and ignoramuses.

Morbid and pestilential? Yes! It threatens Stupidity with death and stands like a vision of Annihilation on the steps of the rotting rookeries of academic thought!

What mansions they build, these prophets of stale things, these dabblers of buckeyes!—all at last blown to atoms when they venture near the arsenal of an original brain with its "morbid" or "decadent" ideas!

The ancient gods awake again and again, and there is in art always one who stalks through the world weaving his

filaments of beauty into concrete images and ideas; but the cabals of mediocrity are always in session discussing its aureoled cows. The New Dreamer stands there reversing all axioms; but the aureoled cow is immortal.

The Moon

BY OSCAR WILLIAMS

I.

BELLEROPHON

Dreaming after sundown
When the mood of my spirit
Was like a haunting shadowy pool,
I could not understand
The sudden desolation that filled me,
Until I looked up and saw
The golden hoof-print of the crescent moon
And the whole valley filled with fine blue dust.

II.

HIPPOCRENE

O shimmering fountain of the moon, your amber wine
Has filled the secret veins of the earth with delirium
And its brain with a strange music;
The darkness drinks of you,
And the gray lips of the hills...
Soon the earth will rise from its silent dream
And through the blue heavens will sweep
Pealing and wild, the golden paean of the dawn...

The Theatre of Arlecchino

BY HANIEL LONG

IF the Contessina had a singularity, it was her love of embraces; for in her earliest youth she had known Harlequin, and had been the Columbine of many a moon. Everywhere she went her arms were about someone, or someone's arms about her. People thought it so original; but she was a flawless beauty, with a profile like music, and if she cared to embrace, she had, of course, the right to.

She had never understood the assembled hungers of which she was composed; but which of us has? To speak truly, it had never seemed to the Contessina necessary or advisable to understand anything; life was given us to be lived, and she lived it blithely. She had youth, and brothers, and admirers. Roundabout the city of her birth swept country as delicious as the garden of Eden, where hills and leaves and vapour mingled and intermingled in endless beautiful change. Here were picnics and dances, and long long walks with Harlequin on seven hills.

The way we embrace, says del Rosso, is ideally the result of all our actions, the expression of what is most human in us. What we have dreamt of doing and have failed to do, what, nevertheless, we have accomplished and become, appear in our embraces.

"Embraces reveal the horizons of life; and who shall say that in illuminated moments they do not pass beyond?" The question had once been phrased in the hearing of the Contessina by young Di Cavelli, philosopher and author of a work on cavalry tactics.

On another occasion the young man observed, "Embracing is the most inclusive plane on which human beings meet."

Her French uncle and guardian, the experienced Comte de Brosses, who was standing by, murmured, "But unfortunately it is the most discomposing."

"Ah," returned the youth, "not only in tranquility may soul move to soul."

The Comte, who was of the world, shuddered slightly at the doctrine, and turned away. A few moments later he passed by the group on the lawn where the spangled philosopher was holding forth, and heard the young man say, "In a world which permits such a phenomenon as embracing, the life of the spirit is open to all."

'And that is doubtless why the races of man encourage the phenomenon so eagerly," said the Comte, with a smile.

Di Cavelli stirred uneasily in his seat. Wit made him uncomfortable, for he was a philosopher. As for the Comte de Brosses, he was a poet; but most of his works could hardly be published, as he had achieved them when violently in love.

Not long after this garden party came a great war. The philosopher, the comte, and the brothers of the Contessina-Rondanini were among the first to go. There ensued heavily draped weeks, which marched before the lady with their fingers on their lips. There was no more embracing. Her eldest brother, Gaetano, was the first to be killed, and then Di Cavelli, a colonel of chasseurs, who carried with him into action a

pocket edition of Del Rosso on Embracing.

The days and the nights passed terribly across the stage, and the Contessina saw them vaguely through curtains which would neither rise nor obscure the ghastly scene behind, curtains which made them different from all other days and nights of her life. The theatre smelt of mortality, and she sat frozen in her seat.

It became apparent that this was to be no ordinary war. The enemy was at the gates. The servants followed the sons of the family into the army; the Contessina, alone at the castello, sold her jewels. She donned the vesture of the Red Cross; and in the service of compassion horror swirled about her.

It took months to subdue the enemy. The Contessina's uncle, the Comte, died of wounds, and her younger brother, Federigo, perished likewise. Those who have beloved brothers, kind and wicked uncles will know what it means to lose them. Her brothers had been Pierrots; and her uncle—well, he had been at least a Scaramouche. As for the young philosopher, what was he? "Only in a world which permits embracing . . ." he had said: and who but Harlequin would have dared. Harlequin turned philosopher.

During the closing months of the struggle the city underwent an ordeal as grave as war, and indeed its offspring, pestilence. Academy, theatre and cathedral were closed; soldiers from the arsenal marched by with gauze over their nostrils; processions of ambulances, returned from the front, struggled for space in the streets with improvised hearses and wagons piled high with coffins, a fantastic and terrible thing to witness. It semed that there would never be any more embracing in the world.

When a person is loved and admired by his fellows he is watched constantly, to see how the hero acts in adversity. It is true of women. The Contessina embraced no more, but wounded soldiers came to regard her as more than a heroine, as a saint, an angelic spirit. She went among them, surrounding them with an aroma, a veil of music, which kept out the brooding thoughts that would have killed them. In great disaster we see much more plainly than at other times how important it is for man to think only of what is beautiful and mysterious.

One evening the city was filled with a pungent odor, and a haze of blue smoke drifted in from the south. Now the battle was far to the north, and one could hear only its distant bellowing. The Contessina, pausing in her ministrations by an open window, recognized a new terror in the air. The next day the panic increased, for news came of Nature unleashed in the province of the south, of forest fires beyond control, and hundreds burned to death. Then the survivors, the desolated, began to arrive, to fill refuges already full, to block the streets, and sometimes to expire there. The Contessina became haggard from too much gazing upon dissolution. But her beauty was more moving than ever, and her eyes burned with a light which supported those about her, as ecstasy always supports the lost.

Then the fire to the south was stamped out, and the inhabitants repatriated. The pestilence was gradually conquered; and at last the war ended in victory. Weeks went by. The soldiers

returned home, and slowly grew accustomed to peace. An evening came at last when the Contessina called a cab, and asked the chauffeur to drive her to her home. The time had come to resume the old life. It was an evening late in May, and a half-moon swung above the western hills, for despite war and mischance the month of May and the silver moon recur forever. Along the highway the hedges were odorous, and little flower gardens beside houses swept the perfume of dreams into the road.

She paid the driver, and turned toward the postern door with strange emotions. She could no longer weep. There was a light in the servants' hall, and she knew that her old nurse would be awaiting her, with one room in the castello ready for her to occupy. The door opened, the light streamed out upon the grass, and in a moment familiar arms embraced her.

A month later the Contessina sat one evening in an arbor watching the June moon, loveliest of all moons, sinking slim and white behind the ridge of trees. She had once more learned to weep, and she was weeping. The night before had been the darkest of her life. Coming downstairs at three o'clock in the morning in a fever, she had opened her favorite English poet at the verse, "And youth grows pale and spectre thin and dies." It was the nadir of her star, that moment. The heavens had become a deep well, and she had felt herself dropping where there was no more light.

The Contessina was the bravest of the brave; and even as she closed her book of poetry with a sob, something as infernal and as bright as Lucifer rose up in her and cried, "It's a lie; English poet! The youth may be dead, the graveyard may be filled with new graves, but youth is quaint and mad and deathless, and shall always be!"

Something of that dauntless spirit had continued with her through the next morning. Besides, she was intrigued by a piece of gossip her nurse had repeated to her. It was being rumoured everywhere that a new and very unusual company of actors had come to the town, and were playing mysterious and unaccustomed plays in a mysterious and unaccustomed way. The Contessina, surrounded by tragedy, found her thoughts constantly recurring to these players. She had her nurse obtain tickets for the evening; and now, as she sat on the lawn, she awaited the hour when she should drive to the theatre.

It came at last, and from the rise of the curtain she thought the play a remarkable one. The first scene revealed an ancient Chinese city, when Liang was in her glory. Beautiful youths and maidens sauntered over rustic bridges or sat on seats of jade by ponds where bloomed the lotus. Curiously roofed and turreted houses rose from hill tops behind them, with the sun burning their glazed tiles. The young people wore vesture of a beauty past modern comprehension. Among them moved a youth spangled from tip to toe, the wittiest, the sweetest, the most disturbing of them all. The part was played by a consummate actor; and though the Contessina had seen the best actors of her day she knew that she had never witnessed his equal, nor anyone to compare to him. As she slowly dared to recognize in the glorious figure Arlecchino, the idol of her childhood, she wept again,

and felt her heart warm with an old security.

But over this lovely city swept suddenly the cloud of war. In a moment there was naught but confusion; a great running hither and thither, cries, sobs, martial music and marching, the galloping of horses. Joy and youth were everywhere assaulted. Young men fell and disappeared into the bosom of the earth. Among the first was Arlecchino, and he perished with a smile on his lips.

The second act beheld a similar crowd of young people, but differently costumed, and walking the avenues of a marble city. Plane trees lined the walks and the tunics of the young men were of delicate tints from orange to violet. Some of the youth at exercise had the limbs of fabled Gods. There was strange music in the air, syllables of alien beauty. Colonnades of temples rose above the stage, and incense curled upwards from altars to forgotten gods. Everything was carved and molded with the mysterious excellence of a vanished art. And here again among the young persons was the colored figure of Arlecchino, the brave, the amorous, the witty. And here again, without announcement, the sky grew darkened with a war. Spears were seized in hot haste, and helmets pulled down upon curling locks of brown or gold. Furious horses dashed hither and yon, and the young began to fall, and again among the first was Arlecchino.

The Contessina sat without motion while a third, a fourth, a fifth act of the great tragedy was exhibited. Always a new city, a new age; but always the same story. Yet was it altogether a tragedy? No matter what the misfortune, Arlecchino always emerged, and in most exquisite pantomime he always said to the audience, "Here I am again; I have lost another life, but what of that? I have so many lives."

The Contessina understood finally that he was saying this. And her heart repeated the words she had murmured in the darkness of the night, "Youth is quaint and mad and deathless, and will always be." Then she rose in her seat, and cried to Arlecchino, "I see, I see."

And Arlecchino, as though he had been expecting the remark, turned to her with a smile, and said, "And, when one considers what mortal life is at best, does anything else matter, Contessina mia?"

"Not if you never die forever," she answered, with tears.

The Mime made a sign to end the play, and leaping over the footlights came to her with his arms outstretched; and when he reached her, he gathered her to his breast. The Contessina remembered all that she had known about embracing, and even felt the rich returning power of invention stir its wing above that transcendent art.

Suite

BY LOUIS GILMORE

I

My love of you
Is in a graveyard
Whither I go
Now and then
To hang wreaths

It is curious
That I go among graves
Where no ghost is.

II

This life
Is a weariness

I once suffered
The torments of hell
And the delights.

III

I loved you
With eyes for your faults
And a blind-spot
So that it seemed to me

Only a god
Could have conceived you

IV

Is God more wonderful
Than he who created you
After his own image?

Who gave you life
Then death
With an odor of immortality

V

Who shall say
That your life
Was in vain

Now the dead
Thought of you
Furnishes
A suite.

Chinese Philosopher Meditates

BY PAUL ELDRIDGE

The great mountains are black clouds
That move across the sky, slowly,
Like weary elephants, heavily-loaded—
The black clouds opposite
Are great mountains, solid and immovable,
Like giant bears nailed against the sky. . .
O wise and mighty Kong-Fu-Tse,
How shall weak-eyed and deluded Man
Distinguish the True from the False?

Starrett's Chicago Letter

Recently I received a letter from my landlord, a gentleman with whom I am on speaking terms but do not correspond. I looked at the lithographed wall calendar (the gift of a local coal dealer) and was not surprised. I knew at once that the letter neded no reply; that a reply would have been an impertinence. The communication was brief and courteously arrogant. It set forth the terms under which, for another year, I might continue to inhabit the pigeonhole into which I had been thrust by circumstance and then forgotten. It gave me a week in which to agree to the terms.

In the newspapers, that evening, I read of the appointment of a committee by the real estate board to investigate increased rentals, of the appointment of a sub-committee by the city council similarly to investigate and to hear complaints, of protests by a tenants' organization and the appointment of a committee to wait upon the Mayor, or the Governor, or somebody. Possibly other committees and sub-committees were appointed; I do not recall.

When, at the end of my week of grace —circumstance having failed to reappear—I autographed the proffered lease, naturally I thought of those blessed committees.

I can see their members — solemn, handsome gentlemen, somewhat tight as to waistband, some with watch-chains extended fully across the front facade, and shiny, two-gallon hats. They feel the importance, the dignity of their task; and they will meet, and sit around, and adjourn, and reconvene, and make motions, and enter objections, and sail boats in the bathtub, and slide down cellar doors, and . . . altogether, they will have a heluva time and an entirely successful life as a committee or sub-committee. Some years hence they will make a recommendation to a larger committee, which will then get busy further to attack this bothersome H. C. L. thing; and for a time the program will be repeated on a larger scale.

Enthusiastic idiots will make speeches, and enthusiastic citizens at home will say "Damn!" and enthusiastic grocers will push up the price of food; and after a while those of us who are lucky will be taken in hand by enthusiastic undertakers who will overcharge our executors.

It is a priceless boon, this living in America in a glorious day like this. The butcher and the baker may increase their prices daily, the milkmen may strike and send up the price of milk, landlords may raise the rent. No matter! Somebody will appoint a sub-committee; the meeting will be called to order, and great thoughts will be given to the world. The newspapers will print it all under headlines. Nothing ever will come of it, of course; nothing ever does. But we shall have investigated. Our passion for investigation will have been satisfied.

And after a while it will make little enough difference. "The first hundred years are the hardest!" Before that supreme philosophy, that of Descartes, Kant, Schlegel and the rest, must fall into insignificance.

Gilbert Chesterton has been in Chicago, and he is quite the most likable fellow who has come to us from overseas. Preceded by his unfortunate reputation as a "master of paradox" (I quote the chaste phrase of the newspapers), he has been humorously at bay, most of the time, since his landing on our shores. Like the professional humorist, he is expected to explode at a touch and smother his casual questioner with laughter. It is a miserable episode to be at the mercy of an American newspaper reporter, hurriedly torn from duty at the Central Police Station to interview a celebrity. G. K. C. came through the ordeal very well, and seems to be widely liked.

He did not lock himself in his room and deny himself to callers. Like the decent fellow he is, he lounged in the Blackstone lobby and exchanged greetings with anyone who cared to approach. He is not the behemoth, physically, one had expected to see. He is not as stout as Mr. Taft, although taller and built on the general lines of the former President. His chuckle, however, is very Taftian indeed, and he employs it, as does Taft, as a prelude to a story.

I talked with him for some time, carefully avoiding subjects on which I was afraid he might have prepared paradoxes, and the most important thing I learned was that he hopes some day to write another volume of "Father Brown" stories. That, I submit, is good news. Concerning jacket eulogies of novels and writers, he said: "That is one of the curious things I notice in America. Personally, I think I should be violently prejudiced against a book, the jacket of which made extravagant claims and undertook to instruct me with reference to the author." And that, I submit, is good sense. The volume he immediately referred to, was "The Man Who Was Thursday," by Gilbert Keith Chesterton.

"That is what we call a 'blurb'," I told him.

"A 'bloorb'!" he chuckled. "Excellent word! I must remember it."

—

Other visitors of the immediate period have been John Drinkwater and Sinclair Lewis, the former quiet, urbane, distinguished; the latter breezy, slangy, American. The stage lost a great monologist because Lewis was equipped with brains to be a novelist, somebody has said; and certainly he told some good ones to a friend of mine, which I have heard second-hand.

Of the Englishmen, Walpole, George, Drinkwater, Maynard, Dunsany and Chesterton have been and are gone (Dunsany is Irish, but no matter), and we are getting our breath and awaiting the next arrival. The Pond Bureau has a long list, and there are a number of re-bookings. Of native authors, we have seen only Lewis, and those whom, being Chicagoans, we have always with us. When the stream ceases and the box office is closed, it would be nice if, say, Messrs. Cabell and Hergesheimer would slip quietly into town. Mencken, on his quadrennial visit, guzzled near-beer with Carl Sandburg at Hinky Dink's bar, and denied himself to the thirsty multiude.

There must be money in this sort of thing. I think I shall tour the South.

—

A film company recently announced that it had bought the right to film

"Black Beauty," and the photoplay is now showing. I have not seen it. But am wondering who "sold" the rights, and who received the purchase money. "Black Beauty" was published in 1877, and Anna Sewell, its author, died in pain within a year of its success. The English publishers bought the book outright for £20, and reaped a golden harvest for themselves. Copyright has long expired, and the volume may be (and is) reprinted at will by whomsoever cares to reprint it. Can it be that the film company's announcement is only press propaganda?

—

Speaking of "classics," there is a new edition of Elia on the market, with illustrations by somebody, and an introduction by E. V. Lucas. This must be at least the twelfth edition of Elia that Lucas has edited. Why always Lucas? Let there be one hundred twelve editions of Lamb, by all means, and may they be sold out on publication day; but the proprietary attitude of Lucas toward Lamb begins to tire. Really, no introduction to Elia is necessary, but as each edition might mean $50 or $100 to some good fellow, the practice should be continued. Lucas, however, should be definitely put out of the running. This prolific writing-machine has made too much capital out of Lamb, and his own supposed discipleship, as it is.

—

By the way, it was not Mrs. O'Leary's cow that was responsible for the Chicago fire. It was a kitten. The facts have just come to light, through the confession of an old Chicagoan, who made a clean breast of it in the columns of the *Chicago Tribune*. As the matter has been given very little publicity, I repeat the story, briefly.

This gentleman's (or lady's—initials only accompanied the statement) father and mother were married in St. Paul. The room in which they were married had a white cloth tacked down over the carpet, and an altar arranged at one side. Just before the wedding party entered, a small black kitten ran into the room and jumped about on the white cloth and in front of the altar until it was driven out.

Some said this was a sign of bad luck; others laughed at the superstition.

The couple traveled to Chicago on their—its—honeymoon. The night they arrived, the old cow kicked the lamp over, and Chicago burned up!

The honeymooners lost their wardrobe and all their money, and barely escaped with their lives.

—

The Joseph Medill School of Journalism was formally opened in Chicago last month, and many distinguished journalists broke oratorical bottles against its substantial hull on the big night. Prof. Walter Dill Scott is president, or principal, or director, and the school is a memorial to Joseph Medill, founder of the *Chicago Tribune*, and was established by the present owners of the *Tribune*, his—grandsons, I think.

—

Chicago's best seller, by a great many dollars, is Edgar Rice Burroughs, creator of "Tarzan of the Apes," and an ocean of sequels. In recent months, Mr. Burroughs has lived in Califorina, where he has built himself an expensive home which, very appropriately he calls "Tarzania." His books probably are the worst that ever were written and filmed. Besides them, the works of Rider Haggard are classics. But the

illustrations made for them by J. Allen St. John are very attractive pictures, and as Mr. Burroughs is prolific and in good health, Mr. St. John probably will make an excellent living for years to come. The ill wind again, you see!

—

A writer in the *Sidney* (N. S. W.) *Bulletin* uses this extraordinary simile: "The night was black as the Earl of Hell's riding boots."

What a line! I would sacrifice six sonnets and as many short stories to have written it. Algernon Blackwood once wrote this line: "January sparkled, dropped like an icicle, and was gone." That, too, is memorable.

How often in the ceaseless flow of books does one encounter a line as fine as either of those quoted? One such sentence should be sufficient to immortalize a man, and actually may give permanence to a short story by a writer a dozen of whose more ambitious efforts have failed.

—

My thanks to the gentleman who, in the February number, called me a "Menckenite," for, of course, he intended a compliment. The fact is, however, Mencken derives from me, although wild oxen would not force him to admit it. But I do not write Mencken's books; they are the work of a score of persons. Mencken is a syndicate.

VINCENT STARRETT.

The Rain

"Watch me," cried a duck—"no one in the whole world is as clever as I! So quickly do I swim with my pretty coral feet,—so fast, that I gather on my back all the crystal rain-drops as they fall from the sky. Ah, wonderful indeed!"

"But I am cleverer by far," shrieked a bird, "for with my wings—my wind-born wings—I fly so swiftly over the tops of trees, darting here and there, in and out, that never a rain-drop meets me and my feathers are warm and dry."

And the rain, slipping over the edge of a rumpled cloud, went laughing down the hills.

OLIVE BOULLEMET.

Tales in the Tragic Tense

BY JOEL TOWNSLEY ROGERS.

LORRAINE LEE'S LOVE AFFAIR

Lorraine waited in a respectable chop house. She was one of those who also serve. One day a man came in the chop house, and looked at Lorraine for a long time with sad, contemplative eyes, and ordered beefsteak and mushrooms. Perhaps it was he for whom Lorraine had been waiting, for she dropped him a coy glance, and after the consummation of ages, gave him a club sandwich. That brought her to the man's attention. He spoke gently to her.

Thereafter each noon he came into the chop house and ordered a club sandwich, and Lorraine brought him beefsteak and mushrooms. Sometimes he came with other men. Sometimes alone. He always tipped her. One time it was fifteen cents; another time a dime. He generally paid his bill.

Lorraine noticed with what gentlemanly detachment of his little finger he manipulated his toothpick. He did not fill his pockets with them as he went out, like the common herd. He had a gold one of his own. He always wiped his fingers after eating corn on the cob. There was an air of refinement inseparable from him; he was a creature from another world.

From conversations he held with men who sometimes came in to eat with him Lorraine learned that he was married. At first that cast her into despair; but then she remembered that the truer love is found outside the marriage bond, and read again "Roxana, Queen of the Demi-Monde," to prepare herself for iniquitous eventualities.

The coming of this love had an influence on Lorraine's character. She began to use hairpins in her hair. She seldom forgot the weekly tub. She took to manicuring her nails between waits with the chop-house cutlery. She purchased a near-cotton chemise. A thriftily saved dollar went for a quart of remarkable perfume known as Parfum de Hollihocks.

The first noon she made use of the perfume she noticed the effect on the man. He raised his eyes and stared appraisingly at her when she came for his order. He did likewise when she brought him his beefsteak and mushrooms. He did it again when the last mushroom had joined its ancestors.

Lorraine flushed beneath that ardent glance. Her heart pounded heavily; it split the near-cotton chemise. Thereafter each noon the man stared at her as he ordered a club sandwich. He was backward, but Lorraine could feel by intuitition that he was preparing to speak.

One day he broke the respectful silence with which he had always greeted her. She had just taken his order for a club sandwich. He put his hand on her hand where it dallied coyly beneath his nose, tracing designs on his plate.

"Listen," he said, "you're a good girl, but I'll give you a quarter each day—" (was he going to buy her virtue for a price in silver and gold?) "A quarter each day," he repeated, " if you'll stop

using that essence of skunk cabbage you've adopted lately."

He reached in his pocket and pulled out the promised silver, striving to buy her soul.

THE LAST OF THE TATUMS

Old man Tatum was the son of his father. And his father was the son of his father. Thus back through the proud generations.

"Young Tatum is the son of his old man," said all the neighbors.

And, hearing that, old man Tatum's bosom would swell, and he would scratch his back to hide the lofty light within his eyes.

The Tatums were poor, but honorable. They had always been poor, and sometimes honorable. They owed not any man. The village grocer had put their names in the Bad Account section years ago and scratched if off, and now they paid cash for salt and matches and suspenders when they felt the need of such luxuries.

They had their own business, conducted on a mutual basis. Old lady Tatum hoed the ground and cast the seed and gathered the corn. Little Sophronia Tatum husked it. Little Saphiria Tatum put it in the still and watched the fires. Little Susanna Tatum put the cool yellow liquor into old earthen jugs. Old Tatum and young Tatum drank it.

"Young Tatum is coming along," said all the neighbors. "Last Tuesday he bagged seven squirrels, and a week come Saturday two revenuers."

One day old Tatum came home from the woods a broken man. He slumped down wearily into the one chair of the Tatum mansion. He buried his head in his hands. Little Sophronia Tatum, inured, as are the children of the mountains, to the sight of tragedy and overwhelming grief, asked no questions, but silently brought an earthen jug. Little Saphiria followed close after her sister; little Susanna after her. There was no sound save the sound of those three jugs being emptied with the rush of a tumbling cascade.

Old lady Tatum bided her time. When he got ready her spouse would speak, and if he wouldn't, he wouldn't. "It's the boy," said old Tatum at last.

His wife twisted her skirts. A bleak look of misery came into her face. She drew out a corncob pipe and nervously filled it. The fingers which picked the coal from the fireplace were all unsteady.

"Dead?" she asked.

"Worser'n that," said old man Tatum.

"Married?" the anxious voice quivered.

"Worser'n that."

"Signed the pledge?" Her maternal voice was wrung with anguish.

"Worser'n that," said old man Tatum inexorably.

"Has he gone and murdered the Governor of the State, or p'isened somebody's cow, or bought some store shoes, or shook hands with a nigger?" she cried in terror.

"Worser'n that," said old man Tatum heavily again. His head fell down once more in his hands. Great sobs shook him. Little Sophronia came once again, little Saphiria, little Susanna. "He's disgraced us," said old man Tatum, when he had found voice. "Disgraced the honorable name of the Tatums."

Old lady Tatum was astounded. She did not know that the Tatums could be disgraced. She sucked heavily at her pipe. Not taking aim, with the inborn marksmanship of the mountaineer she spat into the fireplace and quenched the single coal. It died with a sizzling noise, like the wailing of a woman.

"He's gone and voted Republican," said old man Tatum.

Again he buried his head. Old lady Tatum shrieked. Little Sophronia, Saphiria, Susanna, dropped their earthen jugs. There was a clap of thunder in the hills. A hound dog outside began to moan.

With a look of the stern Roman in his face old man Tatum rose, strode heavily to the fireplace, took down his gun. The four female Tatums watched him go out the door with stoic faces. They did not shriek when they heard a shot.

Ageless Woman

BY EDGAR SAVAGE

Love, when the world and you and I were young,
  And you were Eve, and I was by your side,
And Eden's vines and branches fashioned tongue
  To sing the nuptial night of Adam's bride,
In the sweet tumult of our primal bliss
  Little we recked of circumstance and blame;
Nor when upon the scarlet Nile your kiss
  Transfigured me, your Antony, with flame.
Have we not died a thousand wistful deaths
  Valiantly, down the bitter centuries,
Asking no favor than our mingled breaths,
  Guenevere, Helen, Lilith, Heloise!
  And if the world, this night, to dust shall turn,
  Still shall our atoms strive, and merge, and burn.

Reviews of Books

THE FAITH OF UNBELIEF

NIELS LYNNE, BY J. P. JACOBSEN. Translated from the Danish by Hanna Astrup Larson.

(The American-Scandinavian Foundation, New York.)

VERY different from the glow and and color and warmth, the vigorous trampling life of Marie Grubbe, is this second and last novel of the great Dane, Jens Peter Jacobsen. Here the rosy firmness of flesh, that you may almost caress in the first book, gives way to a transparent pallor. No matter with what bright colors the portrait is outlined, after a few pages the change imperceptibly takes place. You are aware of the person depicted but only as you might be aware of an absent friend. There is no contact established, no swift contagion of the senses. And this impression of spiritual life continues after the actual deaths of characters have been recorded. The unsatisfied ghosts seem to hover afar off as though they had been loosed in air—a dense and bluish air through which snow has lately fallen . . . and they have the seeming stillness of fly-wheels that revolve in whirring motion. This illusion is not created or sustained through the memories of living characters, for whom their dead, after the first burst of grief, seem to pass into oblivion. It seems as though the author, himself wan with approaching death, had assembled their spirits with his gentle spirit hands that had lost their power to conjure the exultant flesh.

Ibsen's last play, "When We Dead Awaken," gives me the same sense of spiritual essence dominating the flesh, as well as something of the same somber finality and desecration of hope.

Neils Lynne, according to Miss Larson's sympathetic introduction is "the book in which Jacobsen relates his own spiritual struggles."

Niels is the son of a mother in whom the hunger for beauty waxes like a disease. Gifted but inarticulate, having no medium with which to express herself, she lies in the dull casing of her years, trembling with unheard vibrations like a stringless violin. When shortly before her death her son brings her to those lands whose colors and gardens and marble gods she has craved so long, there is no emotion of recognition. Her dream world is shattered by the real. Her wasted senses can no longer nourish themselves on the beauty that can be heard and felt and seen. She is drugged with dreams. Only the hunger in her spirit is like a cancer lustily alive.

From this mother Niels receives his lonely heritage. He too lives in dreams and his soul is a flower that grows inward, striking fangs of aborted color at its own core. When he is twelve the accidental sight of his young and beautiful aunt's milkwhite feet wake in him the first agitation of sensuous emotion. This interlude of Edele sounds the note to be so insistently repeated. From the first moment we see her she is doomed —a waxen faintly-smiling death luring with ankle chains of coral and shroud shot with reddish gold. Niels at her death-bed prays frantically to an unanswering God and when she dies his

child-faith goes with her; "When the parson spoke of the Lord he spurned the earth of the grave with his foot." Always his judgmements are final, irrevocable, but he lacks the primal force to assert them or impose the sentence of his spirit on any but himself. This is shown in boyhood when he and his friend Frithjof wind their bobbin of dreams together. When Eric breaks in upon the spell, Eric whose bold eyes disavow any light they cannot vision, the two discontinue the long story they have been telling each other, and push back their dreams into obscure corners of their souls.

Eric becomes a painter who paints always the same woman, narrow-limbed, slender as a ray poised above him—a single ray reaching down through the one crevice in his lusty being. With Eric the author never becomes really intimate. Those first clear lines of boyhood are never quite filled in. Gradually he blurs into a bulky shadow and we feel his death as the blowing out of a match in the smoke of a debauch. Yet he is close-knit to the earth, a thing of flesh in all this flux of spirit—flesh that has already become as hearsay to his creator. None of these figures stand out, as in Marie Grubbe, silhouetted as against a sunset sky. They move somberly, tone on gray tone, with here and there a burning spot of gold.

There is no rapport between Niels Lynne and life. No matter how pure his dreams or how beautiful the thing he wills the result of action is inevitably disastrous or grotesque.

When he unselfishly hastens to help Eric regain mastery of his all too slender creative gift, the result is a liaison between himself and his friend's wife. But there is none of the warm sweetness that Jacobsen knows so well how to put into love. Niels' and Fennimore's spirits do not meet. Only their flesh horribly conspires. There is the cold sadism of an angry monk in the author's treatment of this episode. Fennimore is drawn broadly in few but sure strokes. The slave-type shows in the innate sense of inferiority that made her love for Eric a grovelling abandon that wearied and revolted his. She cringes even in revolt when the women she is cries out impotently against its rival of the man's ideal. On the night of Eric's death when she stands in the snow waiting for Niels, her thoughts, that dart at him across the ice-bound fjord, chase each other like angry cats. And in the coarse abuse she hurls at her lover is all the fury of the slave that has been lured into betraying her rightful master.

So one by one they all leave him; Edele, his mother; Tema, Fennimore, his beloved child-wife—dying with eyes a little cool and aloof, concerned only with placating her offended God—last of all his child. He is the tenuous and enduring thread on which the salty pearls of his loves are broken or fall away. At last he is alone, with the dreams that were his only realities, ageing and barren in his breast.

Niels Lynne is only intellectually a pagan. He has nothing in him of the pagan joy of life. Emotionally, he is essentially religious and idolatrous of ideals. He must needs make a faith of unfaith. After the prayer torn out of his heart by the anguish on the face of his dying child, his heart turns on itself, heavy and cold as a stone for its betrayal of his no-God.

After all, he is tolerant, even tender toward another's belief, asking no toll

for his coldly reasoned divinity. (It is only the god who plays with white fiery fingers on hot strings of life for whose glory we are willing to pour blood smoking upon altars.) And it is this pride of unbelief that sustains him at the last, when alone save for the chilly company of his dreams, he dies "the difficult death."

But it is curious that this impression of vital spiritual life should fill a book by an avowed atheist who died as did his hero, Niels Lynne, with undaunted soul fronting the certainty of eternal extinction.

LOLA RIDGE.

MISS LULU BETT

BY ZONA GALE

(*Appleton*, 1920.)

IT would be interesting to trace the origin and development of the critical legend about "Miss Lulu Bett." That such a book could have been solemnly and sincerely acclaimed as a sound artistic production by practically every critic in America, is one of the mysteries (there have been many such) of American literature. From the *Atlantic Monthly*, which announced that the book was without a flaw, to the *Dial*, which declares that it is a work of "unquestionable literary distinction," the chorus of praise has not been marred by a single dubious discord. It would be interesting to discover who first started this flurry.

But perhaps there is no individual culprit. It happens now and then that the critics of the country are swept off their feet by a tidal wave of mass psychology. At such times they almost completely lose their wits. At such times they are likely to say anything.

There can be no doubt that the fall of 1920 was the exquisite hour for "small-town" literature. Edgar Lee Masters, Willa Cather and Sherwood Anderson, by their really powerful pioneering in mid-American fields, had made the way easy and the audience large for new arrivals. It required a short time for the importance of "Spoon River" and "My Antonia" and "Winesburg" to become generally recognized. Once the real significance of these books had soaked in, however, it was inevitable that the next small-town story should be hailed with a salute of all guns. The critics, accordingly, almost without a dissenting voice, hailed "Miss Lulu Bett" as a novel "of distinction." Most of them, indeed, announced solemnly that it was a "contribution," as the jargon goes, "to our permanent literature."

If it were not for this strange stampede among the critics, one would feel that no mention of "Miss Lulu Bett" was necessary. But the book has been too widely hymned for any journal dealing with literature to ignore.

The facts are these: Considered as literature, permanent or ephemeral, "Miss Lulu Bett" is a bubble blown up with air. The book is almost unbelievably slight: there is next to *nothing* in it. The plot is bizarre and tenuous. None of the characters (not excepting Lulu herself) has any vitailty: they are manikins. Not even Dwight Deacon, though his speech has apparently been copied verbatim from life and thus sounds constantly like an echo from reality, seems alive. The style of the book is as strained and as painful in its way as the speech of this gently humorous Dwight, Lulu's brother-in-law, whom in part it ridicules. The novel is distressingly empty. Its one merit is in

the realistic passages of conversation which smack strongly of the reportorial note-book.

Certainly a work of art in literature should strike the reader with a solid impact. It should leave him with a definite impression though that impression be a definite impression of vagueness. "Miss Lulu Bett" leaves no artistic impression. One's memory of the book is of a bizarre and tenuous plot, unvitalized characters speaking strange echoes of reality, an irritating style, one which, as Edwin Muir would say, is constantly "smirking," and a very dim and elusive afterglow.

One can hardly believe that the author of "Miss Lulu Bett" wrote the book seriously. It may have been intended seriously as propaganda for the release of women held in subjection by the "duty-complex," as Miss Gale herself has admitted. But one can hardly believe it was intended seriously as art. Fannie Hurst is a better "artist," right now, in this type of work. And there have been half a hundred American novels published in the last twenty years that are superior to "Miss Lulu Bett." I am tempted to say, a hundred.

J. M.

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

BY EDITH WHARTON

(*Appleton*)

Thanks to Mrs. Wharton we have now an acurate picture of New York society during the Eighteen-Seventies. Society with a large S. Without her usual charm of manner, but with an admirable diligence and indubitable knowledge of her subject, she has reconstructed for us that period of "faint implications and pale delicacies."

It is a rather deliberate work of art —polished, chilly, unresponsive, reserved, like the society which it pictures. A society archaic in its simplicities, with time heavy upon its hands. Urbane gentlemen, in grey frock coats and tall hats, who spent their lives caring for inherited fortunes and being coddled by their wives. They thought much of their ancestors and talked long and often of the dignity of the family. Thoroughly "nice" women who took their pallid pleasures seriously. They kept their houses; humored their husbands; paid formal calls; and had twelve dozen of everything, hand-embroidered, in their trousseaux. They, also, remembered their ancestors. Lives given over to the avoidance of originality and unpleasantness; whole families consecrated to the task of preserving the existing conventions. Horse-cars and archery and the sport of recognizing last seasons' gowns on the opening night of the opera!

Society, satisfied and supercilious, with little information and less thought. A great frigidorium—where one shivered slightly, yawned, and worshipped Family and Good Form.

Newland Archer is a member of one of New York's "first families," and, because of his environment, just misses being a very interesting man.

The two granddaughters of the Social Dictator, irascible, amusing, clever, old Catherine Mingott, are in love with him. One of them, May Welland, is young, rich, pretty, naive, typically New York, with a fund of common sense and a quiet determination. The other, Countess Ellen Olenska, is not so young, not rich, not quite so pretty, not at all naive, and has no common sense and much charm. Lovely, lonely, and disillusioned, Ellen

has committed the irremissible sin of being 'different.'

The story interest centers about this love affair. And, *as a story* the book is tedious, attenuated. Its real interest lies in its authoritative picture of the modes and morals of that narrow-minded period. Its value to the social historian is immense.

But those of us who remember the Mrs. Wharton of Madame de Treymes, Ethan Frome, and The Custom of the Country, are disappointed.

ALICE SESSUMS LEOVY

Odors

BY SCROODGE

I knew a man, once, who had lost his sense of smell. I told him, at the time, that I envied him. He said: "My friend, I would give ten years of my life to be able to nose the aroma of steak and onions." Suddenly, it occurred to me how many delicate, exquisite, lively, riant and robust perceptions come by way of the olfactory intake—such as the odor of fresh paint and lumber; new magazines; old books; musty tapestries; burnt grass and most smoky smells; incense and spices; some women's hair; divers dried leaves; one or two fruits; cow manure; certain cheeses; several forms of glue; resin; ripe olives; green corn; cantaloupes; tang of the sea; scent of dawn and dusk; fountains, springs, and the unfamiliar flowers; my brand of tooth-paste; a sort of perfume Fleurette uses; bakeries, confectionaries, delicatessen shops; the ethery odor about hospitals; a whiff from a neighbor's kitchen, on the way home to dinner; various tobaccoes; the fumes of all good liquor—alas!

New York Letter

NEW York is near the bottom of its bag. Most of the good things of the season in music, art and literature have had their day and there is little left to keep "us" in town.

—

The middle western realists have carried off the honors in the literary field: "Poor White," "Main Street," "Zell," "Miss Lulu Bett" and "Moon Calf."

I imagine next season will bring us carloads (the Middle West always delivers things in carloads) of middle western small novels. But a good thing happens only once. The backwash comes after it, and if you keep your eyes open and your hands in your pockets you will see it coming. The first time it is a Robespierre; the second time a Robespierrot.

—

The dramatization of Lulu Bett is a grandiose performance, it left a lasting impression on your correspondent and left no doubt in his mind as to his lack of ability to write for the threatre.

—

The Societé Anonyme has an interesting exhibition of so-called "wild painters" from Germany and France. Futurists and Dadaists. I found nothing wild about their infantilities. Grown up men attempting a return to childish naiveté; imitators of archaic methods and people who were as sophisticated then, as these men living to-day are to-day. There is one difference between the modern imitators of archaic art and the men who created that art, and that is: the men who created those artistic expressions thousands of years ago imitated no one, they gave direct expression to emotions born within themselves.

—

Alfred Stieglitz, the great photographer and art connoisseur gave a tremendous exhibition of original photographs last month. It revived the old question of the relation of the camera to art. The discussions, like an afterglow of the exhibit, are still raging in various magazines.

—

As I said at the beginning, everybody is getting ready to leave town or has left and most have gone or are going, to Europe.

The most interesting group going abroad are the Kreymborgs and Harold Loeb, who are about to start an international magazine of the arts to be published by Americans in Italy and to be distributed throughout Europe and America. An introduction and interchange between the artists of both continents with a view of bringing them into closer contact. No one group or ism will be emphasized to the exclusion of any other. There will be departments of prose, poetry, the drama and reproductions of painting, sculpture and music.

—

Others to leave soon are Mr. Thayer, editor of *The Dial,* in search of manuscript for his magazine. Manuscripts of a quality not to be found this side of the ocean. Paul Rosenfeld, Sherwood Anderson and Waldo Frank, too, will soon leave these shores.

Margaret Anderson and Jane Heap, editors of *The Little Review*, were fined fifty dollars for publishing an installmentof James Joyce's novel Ulysses, in the last number of their magazine. They paid the fine and are publishing another installment of the same novel in the next issue. We are looking for exciting fireworks.

LUPO DE BRAILA.

La Menken

The conceit below, generally supposed to have been written in the Album of Adah Menken by Swinburne, is in reality a piracy tacked on to the poet by a certain R. H. Sheperd, who filched it from a Christmas Annual, "Walnuts and Wine," edited by A. M. Moore in 1882.

The March issue of *All's Well*, edited by Charles J. Finger, a continuation of *Reedy's Mirror*, contains an interesting sketch of Adah Menken by Cecil de Vere Stackpoole, in which the author states that "Swinburne wrote for her his verses *Dolorida*." Mr. Finger and Mr. Stackpoole please note.

Adah Isaacs Menken, christened Dolores Adios Fuertes, an erstwhile "light o'love," was born in New Orleans in 1835. Running the gamut from burlesque to the sublime, her most famous characterization remained the title role in Byron's *Mazeppa*. While acting in London and Paris she "enjoyed" the intimacy of Dickens, Swinburne, the elder Dumas, Gautier, and others. Dickens is further said to have edited her second volume of verses *Infelicia*, which is dedicated to him.

After a record of four husbands, among them a musician, a professional prize-fighter, and a humorist ("Orpheus C. Kerr"), and divers "friends" of the Swinburne, Dumas variety, this remarkable woman died of "old age" at 33 years, in Paris, 1868. Her body lies in la Pere la Chaise, beneath the self-requested inscription "Thou Knowest."

DOLORIDA

Combien de temps, dis, la belle,
Dis, veux-tu m'etre fidele?
Pour une nuit, pour un jour,
Mon amour.

L'Amour nous flatte et nous touche
Du doigt, de l'oeil, de la bouche,
Pour un jour, pour une nuit,
Et s'enfuit.

Old Books
Rare Books New Books

We are glad to procure for our customers any book, new or old or out-of-print, which we do not have in stock.

The OLDE BOOKE SHOPPE
509 ROYAL STREET NEW ORLEANS

ALL'S WELL

or "The Mirror Repolished"

Gayeta Lodge, Fayetteville, Ark.

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE OF LITERATURE AND OPINION

Edited by CHAS. J. FINGER,
the choice of the late
William Marion Reedy
for successor

Twenty Cents a Copy **Two Dollars the Year**

Harry L. Moses

Interior Decoration
Fine Furniture
Store Fixtures
Wood Work

⚜

SHOW ROOM AND FACTORY
705-707 CAMP STREET

⚜

NEW ORLEANS
U. S. A.

A. WHEELER WOOLFOLK

GENERAL INSURANCE

736-738 Union Street New Orleans, Louisiana